THE

UNEQUAL MATCH:

A

TALE.

By the Author of the CURIOUS MAID.

Victa jacet pietas, & virgo—— OVID.

——stuprum sævi

Passa tyranni—— SEN.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for *W. Lewis*, in *Great-Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*.

MDCCXXXVII.

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TWO againſt *one*, when well agreed,
Are Odds at any *Game* indeed!
And oft I've heard old *Gameſters* ſay,
They've ſtill the better of the *Lay*,
Who firſt attack, defend who may.
Our *Caſe*, I think, is pretty clear,
As you ſhall judge: ſit down, and hear.

TWO doughty *Wights* full long had try'd
To conquer gay STATIRA's Pride.
In vain, for ſtill the prudent *Fair*
Her *Frowns*, and *Smiles* ſo well did ſhare,
That neither *hop'd*, or cou'd *deſpair*.

WORN

WORN with hard *Duty*, and *Delays*,
Attending *Toilette*, *Park*, and *Plays*,
And vainly dancing up and down
On trifling *Errands* round the *Town*,
Frank to each other they confeſs
Their mutual *Ardour*, and Succeſs,
Their *fruitleſs* Pains, their *doubtful Fate*,
And ſwear *Revenge* at any rate.

VENGEANCE, cry'd NED, o'ercome with *Ire*,
Vengeance, not *Love*, I now require!
Revenge, *Revenge*, to *Heav'n* I vow!
My *Friend*, we'll be reveng'd! —— but how?

AFTER a ſhrewd, judicious Pauſe,
Maturely turning o'er the *Cauſe*,
Take my Advice, quoth ſubtle DICK,
If we don't ſhew her Trick for Trick,
Why then may I be buried Quick!
Obſerve me: thus my *Plot* is laid:
While you *behind* ſurpriſe the *Maid*,
Before, my *Batt'ry* ſhall be play'd:

Honour

Honour 'gainſt *two* ne'er kept the *Field*;
One *Fort*, at leaſt, the *Fair* muſt yield.

BY JOVE! quoth NED, in ſudden Glee,
Rapping his *Knuckles* on his *Knee*,
You've glanc'd upon my very Thought!
The *Filt* to *Juſtice* ſhall be brought.
While we together thus attack,
'Tis odds ſhe tumbles *Edge*, or *Back*.

FORTUNE, who with theſe *Sparks* conſpir'd,
Refus'd not long, what they deſir'd:
The *Nymph* was taken unattir'd,
Alone, in Bed, no *Creature* nigh;
Prepar'd but ill to fence or fly.

O, NOW behold a moving Sight!
Poor *Virtue* in a dreadful Fright,
On all Sides preſs'd, in each *Redoubt*
Beſieg'd by *Blades* reſolv'd and ſtout!

CHAST LUCRECE ne'er was ſo beſet,
As now they hamper'd our *Coquet*;

Or PHILOMEL in her Diſgrace
More ſcar'd by the lewd *King* of THRACE.

WHICH Way ſo e'er her *Charms* are bent,
The *Foes* their threat'ning *Arms* preſent!
CHARYBDIS' Fury while ſhe ſhuns,
On SCYLLA's Horrours ſtrait ſhe runs.
Caught in this treach'rous Ambuſcade,
She call'd amain, and ſcream'd, and pray'd.

HELP *Heav'n* ſhe cry'd while help is good!
Can *Two* to *One* be long withſtood?
Thus muſt my boaſted *Virtue* end?
Is there no *God* to ſtand it's Friend?

VENUS, who heard her from on High,
And ſaw the *Nymph* muſt needs comply;
That *Honour* 'gainſt a *Brace* ſo bold,
Both *Citadels* cou'd never hold;
Slid down, and with a roguiſh Sneer,
Thus whiſper'd in her virgin *Ear:*

CEASE fond STATIRA, to reſiſt;
And give up what may ne'er be miſst!
To chooſe the leaſt of *Evils* two,
Is all the wiſeſt *Heads* can do.
Will you not ſee that you're o'erpower'd?
Fall back in Time, and be deflower'd!

FINIS.